

THE CHINOOK ADVANCE

Vol. 21

Chinook, Alberta. Thursday, March 17th 1938

No.

Mrs. H. F. Berry Celebrates 80th Birthday.

On Saturday evening, March 12th, a few of Mrs. Berry's neighbors gathered to surprise her, the occasion being her 80th birthday.

The evening was spent in playing dominos, that game being a favorite pastime with Mr. and Mrs. Berry. She was presented with a lovely blooming plant by the ladies present and Mrs. C. W. Rideout, of Sardis, B.C., sent her a beautiful bouquet of cut flowers, and was also remembered by some members of her family who sent birthday cards with congratulations. A very nice lunch was served at the close.

The question has been going around town "Who is love?" Well, one authorities love is like a cigar, the more it burns the more it ashes, and marriage (from the same source) is the 6th tray.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Seeger and two little sons, left last week for London, Ontario, where the former will work on a fruit farm.

Ladies' Card Club Held Farewell Party

The Ladies' Card Club held a farewell party in honor of Mrs. J. C. Turple, at Mrs. W. S. Lee's home.

Mrs. Turple was presented with a dainty vanity set with the best wishes of the club.

Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Morrell shared the card prizes.

After a dainty lunch was served, Mrs. Turple rendered several piano solos

FAREWELL PARTY HELD

A farewell surprise party was held on Friday evening, seemed to bring flowers. At March 11th, at the Chinook Hotel, in honor of Miss Joan Bayley, who leaves shortly for Chicago where she will take a course in marcelling and etc.

The evening was spent in dancing.

A dainty lunch was served at the close.

RADIOS

1938 PHILCO RADIO

For as little as . \$34.95

1 Used Radio .10.00

1 Used 2-volt Wet Battery

770 EVERREADY "B" BATTERIES \$2.95

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**Radios, Aerials, Tubes,
Batteries, Clips in stock.**

COOLEY BROS.

Radio Head Quarters

Chinook, Alta.

Phone 10

Bring In Your
HIDES and FURS
Highest Market Prices
Also Watch and Clock Repairs

Our latest Wallpaper Samples have arrived.

Call in and see them

W. J. Gallagher

1st Door North of Hotel

Round About Town

There's an old familiar saying "Hitch your wagon to a star." There's a certain young man in this district who has hitched his heart to one and seems to be making very good progress. Good luck to you

Still talking about sayings, there's one—"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." One certain young farmer's heart is being won in that way by a young lady who well understands the art of cooking. Good luck to you also.

"April showers bring May flowers" but March fogs also seemed to bring flowers. At March 11th, at the Chinook Hotel, in honor of Miss Joan Bayley, who leaves shortly for Chicago where she will take a course in marcelling and etc.

We all wonder who the guy is who removed his glasses to defend his dog. Nuff said!

Attention gals! there are two new boys in town and they seemed to make quite a hit at the party Friday night. Their open nights are yesterday and to-morrow.

Our telephone operator looks rather lonesome these days, we don't blame you, but, cheer up! he'll be back.

There's a young man who will soon look and act lone some. Never mind "Absence makes the heart grow fonder"—(of some one else). Anyway girls, that's one more eligible young man in town.

We hear F. Morrell's rink all had to buy new hats after the final game in our open bonspiel. Three cheer's for you anyway.

Mr. C. R. Marco, who has been in charge of the C. N. R. Dam, west of town, for the past four months left for Calgary Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Anderson and little daughter Shirley left for Rowley last Friday where they will in future reside.

Mr. C. W. Rideout was a Calgary business visitor on Friday.

Ray Petersen went to Delia last week, where he will obtain spring work.

Rudy Pfeiffer left last week for Innisfail, where he expects to work during the summer.

Miss Donald MacLean left for Sibbald on Friday to visit with her parents for a few days.

GROCERIES

Kraft Sandwich Spread	12 oz. .35c
Cut Mixed Peel	per tin .18c
Australian Corned Beef	per tin .18c
Tomatoe Juice	per tin .08c
Pearl Laundry Soap	per cake .05c
P & G Laundry Soap	per cake .05c
Prunes 50-60-size	per lb. .12c
Fresh Hamburger Steak	2 lbs for .25c

HARDWARE

Harness Snaps - Buckles, Hame Straps, Leather Oils & Greases

BANNER HARDWARE AND GROCERIES

CLASSIFIED ADS

REAL ESTATE

Improved Farms For Sale. I have some goods Buys, in excellent districts.

The spring selling season is on.

Apply to,
Len Johnson
Box B
Alix, Alberta

LOST—I Black Mare, star on forehead, Bay Foal at side.

I Dark Roan Mare, Sorrel Foal at side. Both horses branded H F

V on right thigh, Colts 9 months old.

Reward for information leading to their recovery.

O. D. Harrington
N. W. S. 6 T. 26 R. 8 W. 4th
Chinook, Alta.

Millicent Man Gets Shot

In Foot

Word was received here this week that Mr. W. Milligan, of Millicent, was shot in the foot while out shooting partridge. Mr. Milligan was, until last year, a Chinook resident,

CALGARY SPRING STOCK SHOW

MARCH 29th to APRIL 2nd

SINGLE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP
(MINIMUM FARE 25c)

From all Stations in Alberta

On Sale

March 27th to April 1st
and on April 2nd for trains arriving not later than 2 p.m.

RETURN LIMIT APRIL 4th

Information from Local Agent
WD 157

CANADIAN NATIONAL

DRIED or Pickled Canadian Fish is one of the most nourishing and economical foods that money can buy. It is rich in proteins, and in the mineral elements that build good health.

No matter where you live, your dealer can secure Dried or Pickled Canadian Fish for you. You can choose from such dried fish as cod, pollock, haddock, hake, and cusk, and from such pickled fish as herring, mackerel, and alewives... every one of which can be served in a variety of tasty recipes.

Serve dried or pickled Canadian Fish to your family often. It makes a welcome change at meal-times... and you will find it very economical.

DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES,
OTTAWA.

Ladies!

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

Department of Fisheries,
Ottawa.
Please send me your free 52-page Booklet "Any Day a Fish Day", containing 100 delightful and economical Fish Recipes.

Name _____

Address _____

WD-4

ANY DAY A FISH DAY

735

2 Steps in Fighting Discomfort of COLDS



No family need neglect even minor head colds.

Here is what to do: Take two "ASPIRIN" tablets when you feel a cold coming on with a full glass of water—drink it if necessary, according to direction in each package. Help comes rapidly.

The "Aspirin" method of relief is the way many doctors now approve. You take "Aspirin" for relief—they are not impressed by it, they are not impressed, according to direction in each package. Help comes rapidly.

"Aspirin" tablets are made in Canada. "Aspirin" is the registered trade-mark of the Bayer Company, Limited, of Windsor, Ontario. Look for the name Bay in the form of a cross on every tablet.



WHAT HO!

By RICHARD CONNELL

By Arrangement With Thomas Allen, Publisher, Toronto.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," said the earl, with a stricken look, "I believe I did mention a few things to old Bumpy Beddingdon in the club. Completely forgot they call him 'the Wireless Duke' because telling him anything is equivalent to broadcasting it. I'm truly most extraordinarily sorry, Ernest."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Ernest, and the thought that the circulation of London papers in rural fowa is infinitesimal comforted him.

Crum announced that Captain Duff-Cooper was calling. The captain sauntered in, looking very smart and superior in his dinner suit. He greeted Rosa and the earl cordially, but his nod to Ernest was right out of the refrigerator.

"Dribble of coffee, Esme?" asked the earl.

"No, thanks."

"Scooch and splash, then?"

"Righto. Thanks."

"Ernest," said the earl, "has very kindly consented to allow the Hunt Ball to be held here."

"Decent of him," said the captain. "Esme will mount you," said the earl to Ernest.

"Mount me?"

"Don't look so alarmed, my boy," said the earl. "I use the term in the hunting, not the taxidermy sense."

"You'll find Fin McCool a headstrong brute, Bingley," said the captain. "I had him out to-day. He's deuced erratic at taking walks, though not bad at hedges and brooks. But he has lots of life and fire in him, and you'll enjoy riding him, I know."

Captain Duff-Hooper's chiseled features were not a field on which emotions played; but Ernest thought he detected in the captain's eye a glint which could only be described as malicious.

"Thank you, Captain," Ernest said. "But I think I won't go fox-hunting. I have no shotgun gun."

Ernest did visit the face of Duff-Hooper then. Shock and horror showed there. The man who avowed to find tamandua nesting in his beard was not more appalled than the captain at that moment.

"Come now, Ernest," said the earl. "You must not spoof Esme about fox-hunting. It's his religion, you know."

"I do hope you'll be with us on the hunt, Ernest," Rosa said.

"Are you hunting, Rosa?" he asked.

"Of course."

"Gid hasn't missed a meet since she was nine," said the earl. "And I've missed only three or four in forty years. One of them was three years ago when poor Gerald Mumford broke his neck at Lester's Wall; and last year I was laid up with a

cracked collar-bone I got at the same spot."

"I think I won't hunt this year," said Ernest. "Next year perhaps."

"Ah, too bad," said the captain's lips; but his eyes said "I thought so."

"Sorry I must stay on the side-lines," said Ernest. "But I've no proper riding clothes for me, you know."

Crump, who had come in to clear away the coffee cups, spoke up.

"Bag pardon, Mr. Bingley," the butler said, "but I may offer a suggestion?"

"Do, Crump."

"It happened," said Crump, "that various gentlemen have presented me with articles of wearing apparel. I've quite a collection, sir, including some pink coats, boots and so on, which I personally, do not wear. Would you mind standing up, sir?"

Ernest stood up, loathing the helpful Crump. The butler ran an appraising eye over Ernest's shape and dimensions.

"I think I've just the thing," Crump said. "You and Lord Cheshire are about a size."

"Thank you, Crump," said Ernest; "but I feel sure his lordship would object to my wearing his clothes."

"Oh, no, sir. Not he," said Crump. "He'll never hunt again, poor young gentleman. Since his mishap at Lester's Wall he has been confined in a sanitarium, sir."

"Tricky jump that," said Captain Duff-Hooper. "Why, I almost came a cropper there myself to-day. Fin McCool refused."

Ernest Bingley felt a strong desire to follow Fin McCool's example; but the look in the captain's eyes touched the same spring that men like the captain had touched in Ernest's revolutionary war ancestors.

"Please bring the clothes to my room tomorrow, Crump," said Ernest.

"Very good, sir."

"I hope they fit," said Lady Rosa.

"I hope so, too," said Ernest, and the angels clapped up a lie against him.

"Fin McCool will be ready for you, Bingley," said the captain.

"And I'll be ready for Fin McCool," said Ernest.

After all, he thought, luck had been with him so far. He would trust one more to that capricious goddess. A fortnight is two weeks, and surely, he thought, in fourteen days he could invent a plausible alibi.

"As it's to date to go to a cinema, I might go to bed," the earl said. And off he went.

Captain Duff-Hooper looked meaningfully at Ernest, but Ernest did not take the hint. After a desultory conversation, enjoyed by none of the trio, the captain departed, cracking his knuckles as he wrote.

"I'll glad you're hunting with us, Ernest," Rosa said. "A respect for good hunting has been bred in me."

"I don't think I could ever be much interested in a man who didn't like horses and riding."

"Love horses," Ernest said.

"Crazy about them."

"I'm as glad."

"Why?"

"Suppose you go up to your room, get a paper and pencil, and try to figure out the answer," Rosa said.

She had said good night and was gone before Ernest could rally from the impact of her words.

"Golly," he said. "Golly! Can she mean—oh, scabs, of course she can't. I guess I've really gone cuckoo, imaging things like that. But the way she looked at me just now!"

He went up to bed and stumbled over only two objects on the way there.

CHAPTER VIII.

Fourteen days are a long time when you are in jail, and a short time when you are in love.

They zipped by Ernest Bingley like motorcycle racers on a half-mile track. Sometimes, in those analytical moments which come to a man

just before he falls asleep, or those depressed moments which come just after he wakes up, Ernest knew that he was living in a fool's paradise.

He was certain about the paradise part of it, in any event, as he explored the charms of the English countryside, often with Lady Rosa as his guide and companion, or investigated the castle, his castle, stone by stone. The whole world, he said to himself, is a fool's paradise, and the real fool is the one who does not enjoy it while he can. So, pursuing this opportunist philosophy, he snapped his fingers at the future, squelched upward worries about Fin McCool, the danger of exposure, Lester's Wall, his finances, the ogre Punder, and the other thorns on his rose.

He was in an exalted frame of mind as he set out for a walk at a golden, sparkling morning. Behind him loomed Bingley Castle, to-day a seething cauldron, for it was the day before the hunt, any guests, servants, and an avalanche of luggage had begun to pour into the historic pile.

Haughty, hooded horses were arriving in vans, and the stable-yard swarmed with bow-legged grooms in stocks and garters, talking knowingly of matters equine.

It was not pleasure alone, nor the need of exercise that sent Ernest at a steady pace over hill and dale for a good four miles. He had a purpose, a mission.

On a previous ramble he had spied a fox entering its den in a copse not far from that ill-omened barrier, Lester's Wall. Ernest, hidden behind a bush, had watched the goings and comings of the graceful creature for an hour. His goal now was this lair, and his intention was to warn the fox to stay at home on the morrow, or, since there seemed to be no feasible way of conveying to the doomed animal the tip that some seventy hounds and humans were going to gang up on it, Ernest hoped he could scare it and cause it to flee to some safe and distant spot.

He reached Lester's Wall, which, or so it seemed to him, was nothing but a desperado's gun, with a hoof-nick for each hunter who had come to grief attempting to jump it. He counted sixteen sinisted nicks, and shuddered with each kick. The prospect that he might shortly find himself charged full tilt at it on the contumacious Fin McCool added nothing to his peace of mind. Then and there he resolved that he was not going to be the maker of the seventeenth nick.

The ancient problem: what would you do if you had a lion by the tail, hang on or let go, seemed kindergarten stuff to Ernest as he surveyed his own situation. To refuse to ride meant being branded as a saffron quitter. He did not care what Captain Duff-Hooper might think of him, but what Rosa Bingley might think of him seemed to Ernest the most important thing in the world. If he didn't ride he risked a broken heart, if he did ride he risked a broken neck.

He had considered a dozen schemes for extricating himself from his onerous predicament but they all seemed as full of holes as a tennis net. An astigmatic one-eyed morn could see through the ruse of being called to London on urgent business, he reflected. Besides it meant leaving his dearly-bought paradise for two days. He decided that, as a last resort, he could plead a sudden attack of illness, some mysterious American ailment like delayed seasickness, and artist that he was planned to eat a caterpillar or two so that his malingerer would not lack in verisimilitude.

(To Be Continued)

People on the Pacific coast are at last getting an answer to that old question, "Where do the salmon go?" It seems that they go into a floating Japanese salmon cannery.

A corn-husking machine can husk over 70 bushels an hour, which is way ahead of the record of champion huskers.

Ernest Bingley liked the machine better than the hand labor.

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CHILDREN of all ages thrive on "CROWN BRAND" CORN SYRUP. The flavor is the old familiar flavor and it really is so good for them—so good for the children "CROWN BRAND" every day.

Leading physicians recommend "CROWN BRAND" CORN SYRUP as a milk modifier in the feeding of tiny infants and as an energy-producing food for growing children.



Something Really New

Girl in Montreal Received Fried Egg For Valentine

Love has many languages. There is the language of the sweet nothings, of coos and kisses and girls talk. This is the language of the eyes. Crooners on the radio and in the movies murmur for lovers in still another tongue. There is the old-fashioned language of flowers, each bloom carrying its message, and the language of postage stamps—if the stamp is stuck upside down on the envelope it means one thing—kitty cornered, something else, and so on.

Querest of all love languages is the one which came to light on St. Valentine's Day, when a swain in a New England town wanted to send an affectionate greeting to his sweetheart in Montreal. It is the language of the egg.

This original lover sent a money-order to the Canadian National Telegraphs to cover the cost of a telegram and the delivery of one fried egg.

It seemed mad to the telegraph people, but they are used to handling strange communications and they were not to be stumped. The egg was bought, a restaurant fried it and the telegraph messenger started out with his precious message. He pedaled his bicycle as rapidly as his leaden fear would allow, balancing the egg in one hand, and delivered it unbroken and sunny-side up.

What its significance was, no one knew, but the delighted girl who received the valentine and the lover who sent it.

New Piano Invention

Musician Can Play Scale of Octaves With One Hand

Appearing with the Toronto symphony orchestra, Miss Winifred Christie, Scotish pianist, played a new type of piano with two keyboards, an invention of Emanuel Moon, on which two octaves can be played with one hand. Moon's piano, fitted with a coupling pedal, is capable of several other easements for the fingers of the pianist, Miss Christie said. For example, she pressed the coupling pedal joining the upper keyboard to the lower, and instead of a scale of single notes played with her right hand, by striking single keys she produced a scale of octaves.

Mrs. de Gass: I was outspoken in my sentiments at the club to-day.

Mr. de Gass (with look of astonishment): I can't believe it, my dear. Who outspoke you?

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(To Be Continued)

A Profitable Industry

New Brunswick Has Largest Fox Ranch in British Empire

In 25 years the fox breeding industry has transformed the Westmorland County community of Salsbury, New Brunswick, from a drab hamlet into a bustling village where per capita wealth is greater perhaps than in any other rural part of New Brunswick.

The 25-mile radius around Moncton, a district including Salsbury, is said to contain more foxes than any other area of similar size in the world. In this district is the largest fox ranch in the British Empire, that of F. M. Colpitts, M.L.A., who puts from 3,000 to 4,000 silver black each year.

Years ago a good silver black fox pelt sold for \$2,500. Business girls could only dream of owning a silver fox necklace. Now they can buy one. Wealthy women who used to have fox scarves now have full-length wraps made from matched pelts.

Ranchers who once produced only a few pelts now multiplied production that a silver black scarf is no longer a luxury worth its weight in gold. Instead it is within the scope of the average woman's pocketbook, although less beautiful than before.

The industry has settled down to a steady basis. Prices remain much the same from year to year and offer good profits to efficient ranchers who have enough stock to carry overhead. These breeders earned profits during the depression.

The Colpitts' ranch has its own private factory where biscuits are manufactured for the animals. Rabbits for feed are bought in carload lots. Scientific feeding and handling have supplemented hit-or-miss method of 10 years ago when a man paid a small fortune for a pair of breeders and either went broke or became wealthy.

Canada's Major Oil Field

OF OIL IN THE Turner Valley

Canada's Major Oil Field was the subject of an illustrated lecture by Dr. G. S. Hume of the Geological Survey, Department of Mines and Resources, to an audience at the National Museum at Ottawa.

Dr. Hume said oil was one of our vital resources, as it was used to turn the wheels of the world. The British Empire had a new oil field, Turner Valley, Alberta. After 23 years of exploratory drilling with much production of natural gas and naphtha, crude oil was produced in June, 1936, when the Turner Valley Royalties well was drilled. The new well had an initial flow of 850 barrels a day.

It seemed mad to the telegraph people, but they are used to handling strange communications and they were not to be stumped. The egg was bought, a restaurant fried it and the telegraph messenger started out with his precious message. He pedaled his bicycle as rapidly as his leaden fear would allow, balancing the egg in one hand, and delivered it unbroken and sunny-side up.

At the conclusion of the lecture, the film, "Canada's Major Oil Field," was shown. This film was taken by Dr. Hume last summer, and shows the various steps in the locating, drilling and production of oil in Turner Valley.

First Grade Fir Timber

B.C. Supply Will Soon Be Exceeded State Forestry Officials

Every few days one or other of the up-island ports reports the departure of a deep-sea freighter loaded with our best fir logs, going out of the country as unmanufactured timber for mills and labor in foreign countries. This export is at the expense of our own industry and labor. It is proceeding while our forestry officials are warning that we have only a dozen years supply of first-grade fir timber left.

—Victoria Daily Times.

Alspice is the dried, unripe fruit of the pimento tree.

It is sold for 25¢ a pound.

The Japanese oban is the largest in the world. It measures five inches across and weighs about four ounces.

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Chinook**Beauty Shoppe**

Marcel.....	50 cts
Reset.....	25 cts
Ringer wave.....	25 cts
" (dried)....	35 cts.
Shampoo.....	25 qts

Mrs. W. Gallagher Prop.**See E. Robinson****For
DRAYING****Or****TRUCKING
Any Kind
Satisfaction
Guaranteed****RESTAURANT
and
ROOMS****Meals at all hours
All Kinds of Meat
For Sale
All Kinds Tobacco
and Cigarettes
Confectionary and
Soft Drinks****MAH BROS.****Thatcher and
Coronation
Wheats**

In view of the near approach of seeding it is desirable for the farmers' information to enable them to make the necessary arrangements for their seed requirements, that a preliminary statement with regard to the results of the experimental shipments of commercial grain of the Thatcher and Coronation varieties of wheat to the United Kingdom, should be made.

Information received so far would indicate that the grading of Thatcher wheat as No. One Manitoba Northern has been confirmed provided it otherwise qualifies; in other words, Thatcher wheat will be recognized as being "equal to Marquis" in milling quality.

In regard to Coronation wheat the situation, however, is not so clear and while a final pronounce-

Mr. J. E. Cooley, of the Service Garage, who visited with his parents for the past three months at Inglewood, California, returned Sunday morning.

Mrs. Geo. Burrows, of Lethbridge, is visiting with her cousins Mrs. W. Gallagher and Freda Milligan this week.

**The National Produced
In Canada Association**

Three words, "Is It British?" are given considerable credit for changing the buying habits of people in Great Britain during the "Buy British" campaign held five years ago as one result of which a noted American writer claimed the unemployment total reduced by 649,000 in three months after the scheme had been in force for one year. Spasmodic efforts have been made to introduce a similar campaign in Canada with the idea that Canada could reduce the number receiving unemployment relief and agricultural aid which, in 1938 amounted to 753,714 apart altogether from those receiving aid from private charity. Efforts are being made to resuscitate this plan in the Dominion in which event it is considered likely the three words, "Is It Canadian?" will become a popular phrase in the mouths of the buying public.

The Goat

The Goat looks like the spare parts of a Buffalo and a pony and that might mean almost anything. Goats get excited about nothing at all. When in this state they rush to and fro, pursue one another in circles, paw the air, kick up their heels, and scour madly across the plains. Then they come back as if nothing had happened. They keep this up for 30 or 60 years. The Goat is extremely curious. He will risk his life to find what is what. The male Goat can be distinguished from the female at a distance of half a mile because he is larger and darker. They have one at a time. Goats eat on the bias and have rinderpest,

**Western Seed Loans
Now Before House**

Ottawa (C.P.) — Government backing of bank loans made to Alberta and Saskatchewan for the purchase of seed grain and for other assistance to farmers in connection with seeding operations during the spring of 1938, is being sought in a resolution, notice of which Hon. C. A. Dunlap, finance minister, gives in today's house votes and proceedings.

The bill based on the resolution will guarantee to the chartered banks the principal and interest of the loans. In the case of Alberta, the loans will not exceed \$1,900,000, and for Saskatchewan \$1,500,000, according to the resolution.

**Wife Finds Husband
Dying In Snowdrift**

Oyen (Special) — Robert Lewis, pioneer farmer and war veteran died suddenly following a heart attack while driving home alone from town yesterday. One of the first to enlist from Oyen, he leaves four small children, the eldest 7 years.

It is reported Mrs. Lewis, watching from the house, saw her husband catch the team of horses from the sleigh short distance from the farmhouse. When she reached the place she found her husband lying in the snow. The horses were tied to the fence with the aid of two boys from the nearby school. Mrs. Lewis got her husband home, but he died before he could be taken to doctor.

**The National Produced
In Canada**

Government figures have some human angles. It is estimated on the basis of official figures that Canada's imports in the best year for which the figures are available, represented, in dollar value, the equivalent wage bill for approximately 700,000 Canadians. This last total almost matches the number (753,714) who received unemployment relief or agricultural aid in 1937. The National Produced in Canada Association which is studying this question points out that, after deducting a fair percentage for imports which are necessary for production in this country, there is still left a sizeable total which would equal the wage bill for a considerable proportion of the unemployed if Canadians stimulated demand for their own products by "Buying Canadian".

Curling

Curling is a gentleman's game perhaps the only one in which commercialism has made no inroads. Cheating is unknown, although if you accidentally nose our own rock closer to the button with the toe of your boot, or ease the other guy's out to the boards in the same manner, you're considered a successful curler.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Anderson and baby, who have been visiting the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Anderson, left for Rowley Thursday morning.

EXPERIENCE

The consistent high quality of ALBERTA BEER is the result of EXPERIENCE. Every step . . . the choice of ingredients . . . processing, mellowing, maturing, and bottling is conducted under the supervision of experienced men — men employed in a sincere, honest, painstaking effort to assure that full satisfying flavor found only in ALBERTA BEER.

**the BREWING INDUSTRY of ALBERTA
"BEERS THAT ARE BEST"**

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**Open Bonspiel
At Chinook**

phed over E. Spindler's rink from the same town in a hard fought 13 end game, the final score being 11-9. The winner received a five lb sack of sugar, the losers a five lb sack of honey.

Personnel of the rinks are: G. Ellis, R. Neils, B. Butler and J. Machel.

M. Sabaga, M. Peterson, E. Spindler and T. Donaldson.

Third prize of a quart of motor oil went to E. Vanstone's rink and fourth prize of a tin cat-up was won by H. Haines' rink.

Other results in this event were:

E. Haines 12 J. Gingles 6
E. Vanstone 12 W. Todd 7
G. Ellis 11 Len Conley 8
E. Spindler to W. Gallagher 7
E. Spindler to H. Haines 9
G. Ellis 11 E. Vanstone 4

What did we tell you about those fledgling? We bet that some of those guys who were thinking about grey flannels sure changed their mind in a hurry. However, don't get excited, this spell won't last more than a month or two (you should always expect the best).

Let us Supply You**With Your****Printing****Requirements****The Chinook Advance**

Europe, according to most enthusiastic visitors, compares with the Canadian Rockies for skiing. Recent crowds of skiers from Europe and America this season have found unparallel snow conditions in the Banff and Lake Louise districts of the great mountain ranges in Western Canada. Owing to the altitude of this mile-high playground, the skiing will remain good until early summer.

The Canadian Rockies are experiencing a great increase in popularity. Special trains have brought thousands of skiers from every corner of the world, all of whom have been impressed by the scenic grandeur, sense of exploration, and the personal pictures above include scenes from Mount Assiniboine and Stok Valley and action shots of expert skiers enjoying the deep powder snow.